

ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION—GREAT RATIFICATION MASS MEETING IN MILITARY HALL—JO SMITH IN THE FIELD—Another grand ratification mass meeting was held last evening in favor of one of the Western candidates for the Presidency, being none other than the Mormons coming out for the great Jo Smith. This immense meeting numbered about 60 souls, besides little boys, and such cattle. A full report is given in another column.

We have now four candidates for the Presidency in the field—all from the far west. They are Clay, (whig) Polk, (loco foco) Birney, (black) and now Jo Smith, (Mormon). The enthusiasm and confidence of the Mormons are tremendous. They say that in this great race, they will beat Captain Tyler all to pieces. And indeed the Tyler men have yet to hold their great mass meeting pretty soon, if they expect to win the donkey party. The contest will be severe between Jo and the Captain; but we rather think we will bet on the Mormon.

Licentiousness of the Party Press. We give to-day in another part of our paper a few extracts from the journals of both parties, as illustrations of the extreme licentiousness of the party press, and the savage bitterness, malignity and falsehood with which they assail the candidates for the chief magistracy of this nation. This exposure is painful in the extreme, but it may not be without a salutary effect over partisanship itself.

Look, for instance, at the whig journals. Mr. Polk is represented by them as the meanest and basest of men—he is called a duelist, a murderer—everything that is vile and detestable. His private character is the grand object of attack, just as if that had anything to do with his public opinions. Opposition to him on the ground of his opinions on the tariff—the Texas question—or any of the other important subjects of political discussion, would be proper and justifiable and legitimate. But the whig press, instead of adopting this course, have been guilty, almost without exception, of the most atrocious conduct. Discarding argument and reason, they have taxed their ingenuity and malignity in the fabrication of the vilest slanders, and daily pour forth column upon column of the most filthy personal abuse.

Nor are the loco focus journals a little less culpable. In one breath they sneer at Mr. Frelinghuysen because he is a religious man, and a friend of temperance—and revile Mr. Clay in the coarsest terms because he is not, they say, a religious man, and a friend of temperance! Indeed, the language applied by the democratic prints to Mr. Clay, is disgusting in the extreme. They represent him as a murderer, as a gambler, as a frequenter of taverns, as a horse-racer—in fact, as a low, degraded ruffian. And thus the contest will be carried on for the next three or four months. The American party newspaper press will labor day after day, with, as the Chinese happily say, "laborious vileness," to convince the world, that all the principal public men in the United States are destitute of moral character, and are perfect lepers, who should be hissed and hooted out of society. In such conduct not really humiliating to every true patriot?

And all this is only according to the "use and wont" of party spirit. Such is the invariable course pursued by the party presses in all political contests, from that for the Presidency down to the election of ward officers. What a strange opinion must the conductors of these prints entertain of the American people, when they suppose that such torrents of personal abuse, of the most heinous and infamous character, can operate upon their independent judgment! And the journals which are most conspicuous in this filthy and degraded work, are the very prints which declaim most vociferously about decency and respectability, and the infamy of using personalities in the newspapers! These journals which are thus representing the leading men of this country as a pack of abandoned ruffians, murderers, gamblers, and patrons of all sorts of immorality and vice, are the very journals which talk so loudly about the indignity of "attacks on private character"—"personal abuse"—"slander"—"calumny," and so on!

We cannot imagine any thing more degrading—more humiliating—more demoralizing than the conduct of the party newspapers of both sides. These political contests ought always to be conducted with decency and decorum. The private character of public men should never be held sacred. This universal system of slander and detraction is most disgraceful to the country. It degrades us as a people in the eyes of the nations. Nothing can be more calculated than this to lessen us in the estimation of all enlightened and intelligent minds, unless it be the spectacle of such men as Bishop Hughes—politico-religious hypocrites, who come forth and splinter their vulgar abuse on all who presume to tell the truth and chastise their gross misconduct.

WALL STREET DEVELOPMENTS IN THE COURT OF SESSIONS.—The trial of Schermerhorn, for embezzling the funds of the Ocean Insurance Company, began yesterday in the Court of Sessions. Only three witnesses were examined, but their evidence furnished a curious inkling of the way monied corporations are mismanaged in Wall Street.

By the development thus far, it seems that the business of these companies is entrusted to the subordinate clerks or other officers, and the responsible directors entirely neglect their duties, until some great defalcation or embezzlement is disclosed. This fact, no doubt, discloses the real secret that has been the cause of the many Wall street robberies and failures—neglect in the directors and other responsible officers. In such a state of moral delinquency, what bank or insurance company can create confidence in these latter days of sin, shame and sorrow?

THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN—WHICH IS HE? The Virginia Locofoco states in one of their addresses, that "Henry Clay is the most dangerous man in the country." Bishop J. Hughes of New York, in one of his addresses, states that "James Gordon Bennett is the most dangerous man in the country." Can any body tell which is right? A reward will be given for an accurate solution, but not a thousand dollars.

"BLANKS, PAPER, AND TWINE"—Isaac Hill, the fast friend heretofore of Captain Tyler in New England, as long as the "blanks, &c." held out, has come out for Polk and Dallas. It is also said that Postmaster Graham will soon follow. "Call you this backing your friends?"

PANIC IN WALL STREET.—A considerable body of a panic took place in Wall street yesterday—and a great fall in "fancies," without any visible cause. These ups and downs in Wall street are like the ups and downs of the faro table. They do not affect the great current of trade.

DIRTY STREETS.—What with the rain one day and the wind the other, in the present state of the streets, we are in a very fair way of being tormented before our time in New York during the present summer. Is it not time for the new corporation to think of doing their duty to the public? Have they not already sufficiently gorged themselves on the "spoils"? Have they not had their heads long enough in the flesh-pots? Can't they take a little breathing time and think of the streets—the disgrace of New York!

SECOND-HAND CLOTHES.—It seems that old Noah is not the only one who attempts to monopolize the old clo' trade in this city. We perceive by the advertising columns of our paper that one of the Anglo-Saxon race, perchance from the mountains of the north, one Leviyasin by name, advertises to purchase all sorts of old clothes and offers to give the highest prices. This will be a great blow to Noah's future prosperity.

COMPTROL OF OLDENBURG.—E. Pavenstedt has been appointed Consul of Oldenburg for this city.

RECOVERY OF \$10,000 STOLEN MONEY IN A WOMAN'S BUSTLE.—ARREST OF THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG.—A few days since we announced the theft of a carpet bag from the City Hotel, at Albany, belonging to Wm. McKie, of Salem, Washington county, containing \$7,000, principally in five and ten dollar notes of the Farmers' and Mechanics' and Exchange Banks of Hartford, Connecticut.—The bag with its contents was taken from the bar of the City Hotel in Albany, on the morning of Friday last, while Mr. McKie was at breakfast, and the owner offered a reward of \$2000 yesterday, through the public press, for the detection of the thief and the recovery of the money. It is with pleasure therefore, that we state, that the thief has been arrested, and nearly all the money recovered, through the activity, vigilance, and energy of two gentlemen of this city, who have been recently removed from the station of police officers by our newly elected Mayor.

It appears that a few days since another robbery of \$600, in fifty dollar notes of the Commercial Bank of Albany and Catskill, \$111 of the Bank of St. Clair, Michigan, and \$30 in scrip, was stolen, for the recovery of which a liberal reward was also offered. The inducements thus held out prompted those officers, recently removed, possessing energy and industry, to keep a sharp look out, and a \$50 note of the Commercial Bank of Albany, letter A, No. 1912, having been changed by a woman at Hough's broker's office under the American Museum, ex-officer Peter B. Walker suspected that all was not right, and resolved to hunt up the parties concerned, if possible. He commenced operations on Monday morning, and traced the woman to the corner of Murray and Washington streets, where she purchased a bottle of wine, and then tracked her to the hotel next to the corner, where it appeared she had taken lodgings. Fearing that his presence would excite suspicion, he called in the assistance of George Williams to watch the house, and make inquiry as to the inmates, as he suspected it was a place of resort for the well known Jack Cherry and his female partner. Becoming satisfied, however, that the woman was not the partner of Cherry, and ascertaining that an elderly man was her associate, after watching the house until dark, he left, determined to reveal the matter yesterday morning, by reconnoitering the premises yesterday morning, he thought that there might be something more than \$600 under the bushel, and consequently, his eyes were skinned, and his ears open with respect to anything the woman might say.

In the afternoon, about half four o'clock, while he was passing down West street, he met ex-officer Egbert G. Sweet, and asked him to accompany him to the Boston boat, which was to start for New York, and which was to be met by Walker left and passed down towards the Boston boat, while Sweet remained standing at the corner of Courtland and West streets. In a few minutes afterwards, a first class passenger, who was known to E. Allen, came to the front of the hotel, containing a woman, several trunks, and other baggage. She alighted, went into the hotel, returned with a carpet bag to the coach, and ordered the driver to take her to the Boston boat. Her appearance, and the quantity of baggage, excited the suspicions of ex-officer Sweet, who called to a friend who had a horse and wagon near by, to bring him up and go in pursuit of the carriage, to reveal the driver to the Boston boat, and to overtake the coach, a cab passed up with an elderly man it, who told the woman that the Boston boat had left, but directed her to the Battery Hotel, where he said he would wait for her. She went to the hotel, and the woman, and going down he met ex-officer Walker, but exchanged no words, nor were either at that time acquainted with the intentions of each other. On reaching the wharf, the woman accosted Sweet, and asked if he was the man who had arrested her, and informed that it had, and that it was after five o'clock, she ordered the coachman to drive to the Battery Hotel. As Sweet passed up the street in the carriage, he inquired of the driver, who told her the woman, he suspected something was wrong with her. Sweet, not being an officer, hesitated, but finally stepped across to the driver of the carriage and told him as well as the woman, that she was a thief, and that she had stolen the money, and ordered him not to move from the door or allow the baggage to be taken from the cab. The woman appeared to evince some alarm and desired to leave the coach, but the driver refused to do so, and she threatened to call another coach, but he told her she had better remain. The ex-officers then entered the coach, and were about going to the police, when one of them asked her where the "old man" was, and she said she had left him at the hotel, and denied this, and told the ex-officers she had, as he had been with her on Monday and in the morning, and he had just met him going up the street in the coach. The ex-officers then stepped into the hotel to avoid suspicion, and the woman opened one of the small trunks that was inside the cab, took something out, jumped from the vehicle, and was about to escape. When ex-officer Sweet saw her, he ran after her, and finally replaced her in the cab. In an instant after, "the old man" came down the street, and the driver gave the signal, when he was arrested by the ex-officers. The man then confessed to the theft, and the money roll of bank notes was found on her person, nicely enclosed in a "bustle" that she had used to adorn her person, and which it is supposed she had taken from the trunk immediately before her arrest. The money amounted to \$9,199 in notes of five and ten dollars of the Farmers' and Mechanics' and Exchange Bank of Hartford, Connecticut, thus making the description of money lost by Mr. McKie, and within \$505 of that amount. The suspected rogue gave the name of John Daly. He is about 50 years of age—hair thin and nearly white, which was covered with short cut brown wig and whiskers, which were combed up high, and which he had used probably to disguise himself. He appears to be an Englishman by birth, and from every appearance is a cunning, shrewd rogue. The woman is an ex-convict, and very good looking, and says her name is Elizabeth McKie, and that she was a girl of the pave that this old rogue has picked up as a partner since his run of luck, in order to aid him in the disposition of the money which could easily have been changed, if they had escaped to the coast. He told the matter quite easily and comfortably, but the girl appeared much distressed, when they were committed to prison for the night. A carpet bag was found in their possession, but whether it is the stolen or not, we do not know.

The driver informed us that he conveyed the man and woman, on Monday afternoon, from the foot of Murray street to the Battery—from thence the man went with the cab to the Pittsburgh passage. Since, opposite the Philadelphia steamboat landing in East street, he saw a man, who he thought he was the same man, who he thought he had seen at Murray street and West, where he discharged the driver.

It will be seen by this recital of the incidents connected with this interesting affair, that officers Walker and Sweet are alone the authors of the arrest, and although the others who are named in the transaction ignorantly assisted in the matter, yet the bulk of the reward should fall to the share of the two officers. Mr. McKie, the gentleman who lost the money, is wealthy, and no doubt will see that all concerned are properly rewarded for their trouble.

It is also very probable that the \$600 stolen last week in fifty dollar notes of the Commercial Bank of Albany, may have been stolen by this very rogue. A day or two will determine.

THE POLICE.—Our city is at present overrun with rowdies and abandoned women. Broadway is so infested in the evenings with drunken loafers and shameless females that no person can walk along without being shocked and insulted at every corner. As soon as the stores, which close at eight o'clock, are shut up, gangs of rowdies cluster about the doors, smoking, shouting, and blaspheming. We allude particularly to the blocks from Warren street up to Canal. In front of several taverns too in the same neighborhood, which are a disgrace to Broadway, the scene every night resembles the Five Points. On one side of the street a crowd of foreign vagabonds and on the other of native rowdies congregate, and from dusk till midnight they obstruct the thoroughfare, making beautiful remarks on the ladies as they pass, and shocking every ear by their ribaldry and blasphemy.

Now, do the new corporation indeed forget—can they possibly have forgotten, that it was to rid the city of such nuisances that they were elected? It would indeed seem that they have forgotten this. But they may depend upon it that the public will not permit them to let the remembrance of their duty thus escape them. Pray, gentlemen, do make some effort to give us a police.

THE NEW DISTRICT ATTORNEY, Matthew C. Parsons, Esq., will commence his duties on Thursday, and we are happy to add that he has re-engaged the services of Jonas B. Phillips, Esq., as an assistant in the duties of his office.

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GENERAL REMARKS.—The Italian Opera, under the management of Signor Palmo, has advertised for a benefit on Friday evening, and from what we have heard of the programme to be presented on the occasion, we can state that it will be a very rich one, indeed, and will probably command a great deal of attention. The last benefit, that of De Bagnis, which we supposed would have been the last night of the season—was one of the best houses we have seen, and we trust that the benefit of Signor Palmo will not lack either in numbers or popularity.

Mr. Palmo comes forward on this occasion without the ridiculous mummery or machinery of complimentary committees, meeting at the Astor House, or any other hotel, passing resolutions, drinking healths, and making a great fuss and great frolic of themselves, in order to produce a prodigious impression on the public mind, and extract as much as they can from the public pocket in order to fill a treasury emptied by gross mismanagement. The Signor comes forward on his own merits, modest and unassuming, and pretending to nothing but the establishment of an opera house, the permanent revival of an Italian opera in this city, in a style of respectability and excellence never before successfully attempted here. It is true we have had frequent attempts to do this, but none succeeded till Signor Palmo came into the field. His merits are well known to the fashionable and enlightened public. Whilst other managers by their bad conduct, or imbecility, or want of discretion, have done for the last few years gradually running the legitimate drama—the English Opera—and every other species of the higher order of amusements, into wretchedness and oblivion, Mr. Palmo has, in one season, established the incontrovertible fact that Italian Opera can exist in this city, season after season and year after year. If any one, therefore, deserves a liberal encouragement, and a splendid benefit, we think Mr. Palmo presents the best claims for those purposes of public favor.

Look at the history of our two principal theatres, during the last few years—the Bowery and the Park. They have been characterized by nothing but a series of misfortunes produced by mismanagement—want of enterprise—bad judgment—and general imbecility. Indeed, the only theatres that have succeeded of late years, have been the Chatham, the Olympic, and Niblo's, all of which have been conducted on the modern principle of economy, attention, enterprise, and energy, without trusting to antiquated reputation that exists no where but in imagination, or the flatteries of foolish friends. Mr. Palmo has given ample evidence that he understands the spirit of the present time, although he does not make a claim upon the public to raise a fund for the purpose of going out to Europe to secure "attractive novelties." He expects some request for what he has already done, and if he even should go or send to Europe, he certainly would come back with a flea in his ear, and without any attraction at all.

MR. DEMETER'S BALLAD SOIRES.—This gentleman gave the first of these entertainments last evening at the New York Society Library, Broadway; the attendance was very numerous, but highly respectable. The absent admirers of the sweet simple ballad have lost a treat by not being present, which, we fear, not even attendance at the two next soirées will compensate for. Many of the pieces were encored. The song of the "Blind Boy" was most feelingly and sweetly sung, as was "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant." The Scottish ballad of "Mary o' Castle Carey," we feel assured, will become a great favorite among the fairer portion of the community. The new national song of "The Death of Warren" was received with applause. There is little doubt but that on all public occasions and national festivals, this will be an especial requisition. The next entertainment takes place on Friday evening.

LOWER POLICE OFFICE.—Tuesday.—The Way to Alexander's, James W. Jones, alias John, alias Harry of 33 Broome street, purchased a suit of clothes from George B. Clarke, tailor, 133 William street, and on arriving at his home, he was surprised to find a man named Harry, who was dressed in a suit of clothes, standing in the doorway. Harry was in a state of great alarm, and he called to his wife, who was in the room, and she told him that she had seen a man named Harry, who was dressed in a suit of clothes, standing in the doorway. Harry was in a state of great alarm, and he called to his wife, who was in the room, and she told him that she had seen a man named Harry, who was dressed in a suit of clothes, standing in the doorway.

BLACK HORSE ROBBER.—Officer Bowyer yesterday arrested James Jones, alias John, alias Harry of 33 Broome street, in connection with a robbery of a young woman named Jane Vanpragg, daughter of Mr. Vanpragg, jeweller, 133 William street, who was carrying a bag of money to the bank. The young man was found to be much emaciated and nearly half dead.

ROBBERY.—A man named John M. Leach, was arrested yesterday on a charge of stabbing Wm. Proctor, of 345 Water street. Proctor was taken to the City Hospital, and is not expected to live.

ACCIDENT.—Yesterday morning at half past three o'clock, the steamboat New Jersey sprung a leak in the kitchen, much to the confusion of the cook. It appeared that the water was coming from an attachment to the boiler, which was a very dangerous one, and it was feared that the boiler would burst. The leak was stopped by the crew, and the boat was safely landed.

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Look at the history of our two principal theatres, during the last few years—the Bowery and the Park. They have been characterized by nothing but a series of misfortunes produced by mismanagement—want of enterprise—bad judgment—and general imbecility. Indeed, the only theatres that have succeeded of late years, have been the Chatham, the Olympic, and Niblo's, all of which have been conducted on the modern principle of economy, attention, enterprise, and energy, without trusting to antiquated reputation that exists no where but in imagination, or the flatteries of foolish friends. Mr. Palmo has given ample evidence that he understands the spirit of the present time, although he does not make a claim upon the public to raise a fund for the purpose of going out to Europe to secure "attractive novelties." He expects some request for what he has already done, and if he even should go or send to Europe, he certainly would come back with a flea in his ear, and without any attraction at all.

MR. DEMETER'S BALLAD SOIRES.—This gentleman gave the first of these entertainments last evening at the New York Society Library, Broadway; the attendance was very numerous, but highly respectable. The absent admirers of the sweet simple ballad have lost a treat by not being present, which, we fear, not even attendance at the two next soirées will compensate for. Many of the pieces were encored. The song of the "Blind Boy" was most feelingly and sweetly sung, as was "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant." The Scottish ballad of "Mary o' Castle Carey," we feel assured, will become a great favorite among the fairer portion of the community. The new national song of "The Death of Warren" was received with applause. There is little doubt but that on all public occasions and national festivals, this will be an especial requisition. The next entertainment takes place on Friday evening.

LOWER POLICE OFFICE.—Tuesday.—The Way to Alexander's, James W. Jones, alias John, alias Harry of 33 Broome street, purchased a suit of clothes from George B. Clarke, tailor, 133 William street, and on arriving at his home, he was surprised to find a man named Harry, who was dressed in a suit of clothes, standing in the doorway. Harry was in a state of great alarm, and he called to his wife, who was in the room, and she told him that she had seen a man named Harry, who was dressed in a suit of clothes, standing in the doorway.

BLACK HORSE ROBBER.—Officer Bowyer yesterday arrested James Jones, alias John, alias Harry of 33 Broome street, in connection with a robbery of a young woman named Jane Vanpragg, daughter of Mr. Vanpragg, jeweller, 133 William street, who was carrying a bag of money to the bank. The young man was found to be much emaciated and nearly half dead.

ROBBERY.—A man named John M. Leach, was arrested yesterday on a charge of stabbing Wm. Proctor, of 345 Water street. Proctor was taken to the City Hospital, and is not expected to live.

ACCIDENT.—Yesterday morning at half past three o'clock, the steamboat New Jersey sprung a leak in the kitchen, much to the confusion of the cook. It appeared that the water was coming from an attachment to the boiler, which was a very dangerous one, and it was feared that the boiler would burst. The leak was stopped by the crew, and the boat was safely landed.

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